



Buy a Fire-stone, Cheeks for your  
Stoves?

'TIS pitious thinking,  
This man by drinking,  
Is always seen in dirt and rag,  
Tho' a hard task it's,  
With stones and baskets,  
On shoulder pois'd all day to lag.

Nay e'en at night,  
His fates in spite,  
To get a meal deny him pelf;  
Tho' he aspires,  
To mend your fires,  
The duce a fire to warm himself.